

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Wilmot  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a farmer.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In hopes that the good land would still be there.

The farmers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of good crops danced in their heads;  
And Fight for Farmland people, all in their caps  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the fields there arose such a clatter  
We sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the luster of mid-day to fields below.

When what to our wondering eyes should appear  
But two big farm tractors from Strathroy here!  
With a blond driver so notwithstanding,  
I knew in a moment it must be Ford landing!

More rapid than eagles his minions they came  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:  
Now, Harris, now, Redmond, Now Lamantia and all,  
On Salonen, on Wilmot councillors and all!

From the top of 7/8 to Bleams Rd.

From Nafziger to Wilmot Centre Rd;

Plow away, plow away, plow away all!

So up to the farms the politicians they flew,

With plows and chainsaws and Ford himself too,

And then in a twinkling, I heard in the chambers

“We are willing, we are willing, let it go thru!”

As I drew in my head and was turning around

Down the highway Ford came with a bound

He was carrying his new laws and keeping his secrets,

And the countryside line was forever defeated!

A wink of his eye and a twist of his laws,

Soon gave me to know I had lots to dread,

Pollution and traffic, rising taxes, water threats

All for vague promises of jobs, he said.

He spoke not a word, used the NDA,

Destroyed all the farms and turned with a jerk.

Putting his middle finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up to Queens Park he rose.

And I heard him explain when he drove out of sight,

“Wary Christmas to All, and to crops a bad night!”